

A Lifetime With You Chapter 10

Chapter 10

For Ava, this was a feeling like never before. The number of times they had had sex before this could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and it was always in the middle of the night, when Damien was horribly drunk. It was bright daylight right now. Damien was even more merciless when he was sober, and all these were new to Ava. "Damien Radbury, stop touching me!" She struggled even more violently. But the more she resisted, the more violently the flames of anger in Damien's heart burned.

He couldn't help but recall how intimate Ava and Selden were at the entrance of the hospital today.

She could be intimate with other men with a smile on her face, so why was she refusing his advances?

Damien pinned her down even more forcefully to stop her from struggling and tore her blouse open. There wasn't a single hint of tenderness to his movements. He seemed more like he was conquering her body and announcing his ownership of her. Ava endured the searing pain and turned her face away, hiding the tears rolling down from the corners of her eyes.

Like a beast who was out of control, Damien thrust himself into her again and again.

This made Ava so tired and uncomfortable that she felt as though she had just made a trip to hell. Every single inch of her body hurt horribly. She couldn't even hold on until the end and fainted before Damien withdrew his d*ck from her body.

This was also when Damien realized that he had lost control.

The face of the woman in his arms was pale, and her eyes were tightly shut. There were tears on her face, and she cut a piteous as well as frail sight.

Damien felt something tugging at his heartstrings, and there was a surge of unfathomable passion in his chest.

His movements were rough as he thrust himself into her, but he stopped all of a sudden. He gently swept away the strands of sweat-laced black hair that were stuck on her face. In the depths of his profound eyes, there was a hint of distress and tenderness. He stood up from the sofa and looked around. He then picked up his shirt and wrapped it around Ava, who was curling up on the sofa. His movements were gentle as he carried her in his arms upstairs to the bedroom.

As soon as he put her down on the soft big bed, Ava shrank spontaneously into the blanket.

She even pulled the blanket up to cover her face, as though she wanted to hide inside it.

There was a smile on Damien's face as he smoothed the blanket. This was when he saw that her snow white skin was covered with bruises from when they had s*x just now. 2

His gaze dimmed, and he gently caressed those bruises.

Ava shrank again at Damien's touch, and she muttered underneath her breath, "Don't..."

Damien frowned in frustration. What was wrong with him today? Why was he being so brutal?

After thinking about it for a moment, to make up for how rough he was being, he took a

basin of warm water from the bathroom. He then gently and carefully wiped Ava down with a wet towel. Finally, he closed the door gently and left the room. In the living room, the housekeeper was cleaning up the mess. When she saw Damien, she lowered her head and called out respectfully, "Young Master." Damien nodded expressionlessly and walked straight to the door. Before leaving the mansion, he turned around and said, "Make some porridge as well as snacks and let Ava have them when she wakes up." "Alright," the housekeeper said. She was utterly surprised. Before this, Damien had never cared about Ava. Why was he suddenly so concerned about her today? Could it be that the relationship between the two of them had improved? Ava only woke up the next morning. Her whole body still ached badly, and she could barely stand when she got out of bed. For some reason, her ankle injury was acting up again.